

VOL. XII.-No. 290.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1882.

Price, 10 Cents.

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

Suck

PUBLISHED BY
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

NEW YORK

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1878

OFFICE No. 21 - 23 WARREN ST.

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



SOMETHING HAS TURNED UP!

MASSACHUSETTS DEMOCRACY:—I—nev—er—will desert Mr. Micawber.

PUCK.
OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,
NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

(UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$5.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....2.50
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....1.25
(ENGLAND AND ALL COUNTRIES IN THE BERNI POSTAL TREATY.)
One Copy, one year, or 52 numbers.....\$6.00
One Copy, six months, or 26 numbers.....3.00
One Copy, three months, or 13 numbers.....1.50
INCL. POSTAGE.

UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER
BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN
EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

PUCK is on sale in London, at HENRY F. GILLIG & CO.'S, AMERICAN EXCHANGE, 449, Strand, Charing Cross, and at THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, 11, Boulevard Street, Fleet Street; in Glasgow, at G. F. ALLAN'S, 31, Renfield Street; in Paris, at TROQUEM'S, 15 Boulevard Saint Martin, and on file at the *Herald* Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opera. In Germany, at F. A. BROCKHAUS'S, Leipzig, Berlin and Vienna.

CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE CARTOON—Something Has Turned Up.
CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.
J. Bull in Luck—illustrated.
Crowned at Last.
Assorted Advertisements—illustrated.
PUCKERINGS.
FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA—No. CCXLIII.—Captain Carnegie in Egypt.
Disappointment—poem—By a Fourteen-Year-Old Boy.
Edison's Latest—illustrated.
Definitions of the Day—Manat.
Favorite Fiction.
The Last of the War Telegrams from Egypt—illustrated.
A Poet's Error.
Pompey's Acrostic—J. C. E.
'Tis Ever Thus.
At Rockaway Beach—poem—D. V. L.
Good Luck and Good Acts—R. K. M.
Any Port in a Storm; or, Catching at Straws—illustrated.
The Talker Talked.
On the Holy Office of Matrimony—poem—A. E. Watrous.
ANSWERS FOR THE ANXIOUS.
LITERARY NOTES.
AMUSEMENTS.
On Puck—poem—Miss Lum.
CENTRE-PAGE CARTOON—Is it Christian to Thank God for Islam Slaughter?
Short Essays—R. K. Munkittrick.
The Irrepressible Tramps—illustrated.
The End of the Egyptian War—illustrated.
Hickory Nuts—Hickory Nutt.
Huginin and the Burglar—Ernest Harvier.
PUCK'S EXCHANGES.
LAST PAGE CARTOON—A Very Dull Race-Meeting.—No Public Interest in the Contest.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

A victorious army generally feels on pretty good terms with itself, and so does the nation who employs it to do the work. The soldiers and officers soon forget all the miseries and hardships they have endured. They may regret the loss of their fallen comrades, but they have no time to grieve for them. Though they may have waded up to their knees in the blood of their enemy's troops, and spread ruin and desolation throughout the land, they have no qualms of conscience; they know that they have done that which civilization concedes to be their duty as soldiers, and then they proceed to thank God for the success that has crowned their efforts.

Man is naturally a grateful creature. He feels inclined to thank somebody for his good fortune, and to pray for better luck when things have not gone as he could have wished. Savage and semi-barbarous races have been doing this ever since the brain could conceive the slightest idea of veneration, and civilized man has kept up and improved the practice. The mode of offering these thanks has varied very much. The ancient savage would give thanks to his special deities, often to the accompaniment of the sizzling sound of roasting prisoners on an altar.

The Ancient Jews usually showed their appreciation of the favors of Jehovah by burning lambs and other animals. The modern Christian simply goes to church, says a few prayers and sings a Te Deum. Now, it is a very good thing to go to church and sing a Te Deum, and no possible objection can be made to such pro-

ceedings. But another question presents itself: Is it in accordance with the teachings of Christ to thank the Deity for permitting your fellow-creatures to be slaughtered by your arms? We think not. There is nothing in Christianity which justifies killing any man, even if he be your enemy.

On the contrary, the New Testament abounds in admonitions that preach a doctrine precisely the opposite of this. We are told to bless them that curse us, and, if we are smitten on one cheek, to immediately offer the other to the smiter. We are further abjured to love our neighbor as ourselves—in short, not to resent injuries in any form. No one, of course, carrying out such commands to their logical conclusion, could be expected to rub along very well with his fellows the way the world goes in this particular age, and, as a matter of fact, it is not pretended that any one does. We must, therefore, not blame people because they cannot possibly obey these solemn behests.

But it does not say much for nineteenth century consistency that it fills the temples dedicated to their Saviour, and praise and thank Him for their success in doing the very things that He has distinctly ordered them not to do. We are not blaming the British Government for protecting its interests by force of arms. Nations must act as individuals, and the man who, when his property is in danger, does not attempt to defend it may be a very good Christian, but cannot be looked upon as a man overburdened with sense. Let the English nation enjoy all the honor, glory and satisfaction it pleases at the triumph of its troops in Egypt, but there is nothing gained by offering thanks to the Deity for what the army achieved simply owing to its superior discipline and equipment. The spectacle of a highly intelligent and civilized nation invoking the recognition and favor of Heaven for what is essentially an unchristian act, is not encouraging. Indeed, it is little short of solemn mockery, and can do nothing to strengthen religious feelings or religious principles.

The celebrated Mr. Micawber waited for something to turn up, in which respect he resembles the equally celebrated Mr. Benjamin Butler, of Massachusetts. Something has turned up in the shape of a nomination for Governor in his dearly beloved state. He really deserves a prize of this sort, because he has been as patient as he has been persistent. The Massachusetts Democrats believe in him. They have apparently always believed in him, and there

J. BULL IN LUCK.



PUCK'S DESIGN FOR A COAT-OF-ARMS (Sept. 15, 1882).

is, indeed, a tolerably fair chance of his election. It is said that the Germans will vote for him. It is not a large vote, but it is valuable. They will do this because they like to have their beer, and the Republican candidate, Bishop, is tainted with prohibition principles. The Boston Custom House people, too, are reported to be his friends. So we may yet see the old eccentric fellow, who has veered around all points of the compass, Governor of Massachusetts, which, in such a stern Republican state will be something of a novelty.

Half the agony is over; we know the possibilities of the near future. It must be either Secretary Folger, of the Washington Administration, or Grover Cleveland, of Buffalo, who is to be elected Governor of this state. We do not know that we have any very strong opinions to express with regard to either of these gentlemen. Either may make a very good Governor or a very bad one. At any rate a change must be for the better, for Governor Cornell, if he be judged by his financial acts, was not the man for the place. We believe he thinks so himself, in spite of the heroic defense that our esteemed contemporary, the *New York Times*, makes for him.

But there are other considerations in this approaching election. The public interest in the contest is comparatively slight, although it is hard to say why it should be so in view of the fact that a Democratic Governor will make a considerable difference in the vote of New York State in the 1884 Presidential election. At present, however, the two parties are controlled by two bosses, Boss Tilden and Boss Gould. (We thank thee, *Evening Telegram*, for teaching us that word.) Boss Gould is now a very important factor in politics, and, with the assistance of Mr. Conkling, he will do his best to lead his party to victory and plant Secretary Folger on the Gubernatorial throne.

He is the fortunate possessor of a large number of "bar's," but it yet remains to be seen whether his "bar's" will be as potent as fewer ones of his rival, Boss Tilden. Mr. Cleveland, as the nominee of a unanimous Democracy, thinks doubtless that he will be free to act as he pleases; but he is mistaken. There is a power behind the party that must conform to the will of Mr. Tilden. "Would it were not so," says Mr. Kelly, who was very glad to eat humble pie in order to enter the Convention, for Mr. Kelly has discovered by this time that Mr. Tilden is more necessary to Tammany than Tammany is to Mr. Tilden. Mr. Kelly controls perhaps forty-five thousand votes. Mr. Tilden practically carries in his pocket several hundred thousand votes of the State of New York. We hope Boss Gould will not come to grief in his new business. He is a good man for stocks, but he may not be as good a manager in politics. He has a plethora of steed to ride, but then he is backed by the Administration. Boss Tilden's nag presents a sorry sight—but still it will be a pretty even race.

Milton sold "Paradise Lost" for twenty-five dollars, and it didn't have a picture in it; it didn't tell you the best watering-places to attend, and the hotel rates; it wasn't a preventive of malaria; it didn't contain any short poems, or acrobatic goat memories, or unique dog idylls, or a beautiful red cover, pronounced a thing of beauty and a joy for several months. Yet it sold for the sum of twenty-five dollars, which is just one hundred times the price of PUCK ON WHEELS, which contains all the above attractions that "Paradise Lost" lacked, and, besides, is a book which, unlike "Paradise Lost," may be read without causing the reader to fall asleep, lose his appetite or memory, or go crazy. PUCK ON WHEELS is only twenty-five cents a copy, and no premium is offered to purchasers. No chromos, no chromos, no chromos. It sells on its merits as a mirth-provoker, and politician's *vade mecum*. Price twenty-five cents; of all newsdealers.

CROWNED AT LAST.

HOW HE DID IT.

THE NIHILISTS CIRCUMVENTED.

DYNAMITE AT A DISCOUNT.

PUCK'S SPECIAL REPORT.

Moscow, Sept. 25th, 1882.

The Czar is crowned. The ceremony was not startling by its imposing character, as the Puck Commissioner was probably the only person who saw the imperial cranium come in contact with the rim of the crown, which act constitutes a legal crowning; but there can be no question that the long deferred performance has at last come off.

It was only by great activity and the utmost watchfulness that the Czar carried out his purpose, and it really reflects great credit on his ingenuity. As the Nihilists had positively threatened to blow him up with dynamite if he was publicly crowned, the first proceeding in order to mislead these truculent gentlemen was to announce officially that the coronation circus was postponed indefinitely.

Mining operations were then stopped, dynamite was carefully stored away for future use, and the Nihilists returned to their usual avocations.

Then came the news, which fell like a bomb-shell among them, that the Czar was only fooling, and that he was coming to Moscow unawares, and that he was going to put that crown of his on and get back to his cast-iron palace safe before a single Nihilist knew a word about it. A sharp lookout was kept for him at all the railroad stations and roads leading to Moscow, but nobody resembling His Imperial Majesty arrived, and the Nihilists began to think that they had been sold again.

A freight train containing fine Spring tallow from St. Petersburg did not attract much attention, as it was left on a siding in the Grandkoff Centraloffsky Railway Station. At half-past ten a carman appeared with an order on the transportation company for the delivery of one cask of tallow marked "O. K.—4-11-44." It was promptly placed on his truck, which was then driven with all speed to the Kremlin, and was passed in without examination by the sentries, who thought it was simply a barrel of whiskey for the use of the household.

The Puck Commissioner, who was concealed behind a curtain in the inner boudoir of the palace, witnessed the removal of the head of the cask, and the emergence of His Imperial Majesty, covered with tallow. Having been scraped off with laths by the Grand Dukes Alexis, Sergius and Paul, he expressed satisfaction at his safe arrival, notwithstanding his greasy journey.

After a little more excavation among the tallow another man, bearing a strong likeness to the Czar, was discovered. He had been brought on as a substitute, the idea being that the bogus Czar should undergo the ceremony of coronation and be blown up by Nihilists in due form, while the real man should betake himself to some secluded spot, such as the sub-cellar of the Religious Tract Society, crown himself, and then hasten back to St. Petersburg before the Nihilists knew anything about the trick that had been played on them.

These arrangements were carried out to the letter, although, notwithstanding the precautions taken, the Czar had a very narrow escape. At an early hour in the morning the Czar sneaked out of the Kremlin, passing the three cathedrals, the seven churches, the monastery, the nunnery and the three imperial palaces. He was disguised as a park policeman, and car-

ried the imperial crown in his imperial coat-tail pocket. Reaching the cellar, he placed the bauble on his head, the only witnesses being the Puck Commissioner and the Russian patriarch. Putting on the garments of a tramp, he was smuggled into a train and started for home.

In the meantime the regular ceremonies for the coronation of the substitute were taking place. There were canopies of velvet and gold, and lamps of silver, with flickering lights, grand dukes and grand duchesses, the diplomatic corps, ladies of the court, and all the high dignitaries of the Empire. Just as the Metropolitan of Moscow had oiled the bogus Czar's hair and the crown was on his head, there was a terrific explosion, and the whole Kremlin blew up, destroying everybody present, except a detachment of Nihilists, who were hovering about in a balloon.

On examining the corpses carefully, they discovered they had blown up the wrong man, whereupon they telephoned to the Nihilist agency at St. Petersburg the facts, and ordered the train with the real Czar to be dynamited. So well was this done, and so effective was the explosion, that just as the cars were entering the station on the banks of the Neva, the shock took place, landing the Emperor, however, comfortably in his palace at Peterhoff, and saving him the expense of a hack.

It requires a smart Nihilist to get ahead of a Czar when he's made up his mind to be crowned.

ASSORTED ADVERTISEMENTS.

v.



WANTED—A Traveling Salesman.

vi.



WANTED—A Child's Nurse—One Accustomed to the Bottle Preferred.

Puckering.

SENATOR SHERMAN thinks that the Irish are leaving the Democratic party. The Democratic party was always "left" by the Irish.

IT IS FUN to see the young man struggling to part his hair, just now, when it is slowly emerging from the limitations of a Riley cut.

MAJOR PHIPPS, the Philadelphia absconder, feels quite uncomfortable at being arrested, not that a jail has any terrors for him, but he fears that he may be sent to the poorhouse.

REPUBLICANS ARE getting up a petition to the New York *Herald*, begging it not to support Secretary Folger for Governor of this state, as they want to elect him.

NOW DOth the druggist hold up his hands and howl when he feels the chilly air on his nose, and reflects that he has about half a ton of fly-paper in stock to carry over until next season.

THERE IS a man out West who has such a keen appetite that he doesn't have to carry a watch, but tells the time by his stomach. When it says it is dinner-time, the cathedral chimes tell that it is noon.

AS SOON as an extra blanket is placed at the foot of a man's bed it becomes so warm that he has to close his shutters for fear of being sunstruck. It is only when he has insufficient covering that the air is frigid.

WE MISS our *Herald* war-map,
We miss the good advice
It tendered to Sir Garnet,
Which didn't turn out, after all, to
be a very colossal thing on ice.

A MAN WHO is probably possessed of a ten-ounce brain sends an item for publication in PUCK, which states that we have just received a History of Boarding-Houses in the Yellowstone Region, and it says nothing whatever about death at the steak.

AND NOW the young lady who has been off on her uncle's farm, working like an army mule at churning and mending clothes, comes back to the city, and the society paper announces that Miss Eva Golddust, of E. 40th Street, has returned from an extended tour through the northern part of Maine.

NOW DOth the festive youth doff his light and sun-burned Derby, depeinct its rolling brim and graceful crown in shoe polish, and glow with conscious elegance. Now doth he resurrect his played-out uppers, imbrue them in a trusty solution of ink and wear them over interdicted Oxfords. Now, too, doth he take his faded Summer suit to the dyer's, and meanwhile stroll nonchalantly in the office with a what-care-I-for-style air, appareled in a shrunken pea-jacket and knee-bulged, effete-seated trousers.

COUP, the circus man, says his three-tailed Japanese crab cost him \$2,200 in gold. Biggest fish story of the season.—*Boston Globe*.

Is it, now; is it, now? Perhaps you think you are an authority on the value of crabs! Did you ever purchase a crab at Long Branch? No? Well, we will not be harsh with you, but if you are ever left a fortune, and go to Long Branch and invest in a crab, without even one tail, you will know whether Mr. Coup's \$2,200 crab is a colossal fish story or not. Now, then, get some one to leave you a fortune.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXLIII.

CAPTAIN CARNEGIE IN EGYPT.



considerable wejoicing among his fwends he-ah.

Of course, as I pwophesied, that wetched Arwabi Pasha, or, maw pwopahly, Bey, has been most unmercifully thrwashed, and may end his miserwable carwe-ah by being shot as a webel. The aw atwocious and horwible impudence of the fellow is what surpriswes me. The bare ide-ah of this indecent, gweasy-haired Orwiental wascal's attempting to defy the powah of Gweat Bwitain!

Jack Carnegie, who, as will pwobably be wememberwed, went specially to Egypt to join the staff of General Macpherson as his extwa aide-de-camp, has witten me a full and verwy interwesting account of the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir, which was wathah cleverly won by Wolseley, who possesses maw than an averwage supply of bwains.

Macpherson, ye know, was sent out fwom Bwitish India to take part in the campaign with a numbah of Indian twoops, and these fellows, it appe-ahs behaved themselves extwemely well. Aftah the wout the Indian cavalwy hotly pwessed the Egyptian fugitives on the south of a canal which wan thwough the field of action. It is weally wemarkable, Jack says, how well these dusky cweachahs fought, especially on the Bwitish left flank, where they carefully wersed their fi-ah until the aw pwopah time.

But the whole campaign was such a terribly hollow affai-ah that the details of the movements and fighting are not worth talking about. The whole business, Jack says, was a wegulah walk-ovah. In fact, he wemarks, that had he thought faw a moment that there was going to be so little twouble, and that it was to be so exceedingly twifling a wow, he would not have gone to Egypt at all.

I dwopped a lèttah to Wolseley, congwatulating him on his victorwy and telling him how verwy much gwarified I was personally at his aw triumph. I shall certainly use my influence with Gladstone and the othah membahs of the Ministwy to see that a peerwage is pwovided faw Sir Garnet, and that Parliament votes him a "plum," at least, and a handsome ye-ahly income of severw thousands of pounds as well.

Connaught—the Duke, ye know—Jack mentions two or thrwee times. He was given the command of the Bwigade of Guards, but, of course, young and inexperwenced as he is, Wolseley could not twust him to do anything but twot about in his woyal twappings and look verwy militarwy. I think it was a gweat mistake of the war office to put this youngstah ovah the heads of deserving veterwans simply because he is a membah of the Queen's numerwous family. I am beginning to think that these people enjoy too many pwivileges aw-maw than they weally deserve.

Jack says that he is quite enjoying his sojourn in Cairwo, and that there is a gweat deal of national gaiety going on. The Bwitish Government wefuses at pwesent to allow Arwabi to be shot. I don't see the use of killing the poor beggah now that he is a pwisonah. I suppose

that as soon as we have arwanged the mannah in which the countwy is to be govahned in the fuchah, have organized a *gendarmarwie* faw police purposes, and have put the Khedive on his pins again, our twoops will be withdwawn aw.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

She promised to meet him,
To gladly greet him,
This young man so prominent and fair.

On the corner he stood,
As any young man should,
For his love to her to declare.

He stood there from seven to almost ten,
He was noticed by young ladies and passing
young men;
But now he swears by the moon and stars above,
That he never again will fall in love.

The next day he called on her an explanation to demand,
Why on the corner she let him stand.
She felt very indignant, and her brother she called,
And this poor young man was terribly mauled.

BY A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOY.

HIS TRACT.

He was a rough-looking man, with a red shirt and a slouch hat, and seemed as though his frame might be punctuated by knife-wounds.

"What is your occupation?" inquired a clerical-looking youth.

"I have just secured a tract—"

"Good," replied the clerical-looking youth with great enthusiasm: "is it on Christian charity?"

"No," replied the lost one: "it is on Coney Island, and next year I am going to erect a dime museum and run it in connection with a beer saloon."

EDISON'S LATEST.



IT LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY UMBRELLA—



BUT IS KNOWN AS THE "PATENT EXPLOSIVE NON-STEALABLE UMBRELLA."

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

III.

POLITICAL VOCABULARY.

DUTY.—Stuff.
HONOR.—Air.
SALARY.—Swag.
PRINCIPLE.—Wind.
LOYALTY.—Nonsense.
FEES.—Petty larceny.
PROMOTION.—More swag.
PUBLIC.—Fellows we rule.
TAX PAYER.—Outside idiot.
APPROPRIATION.—Thief-bait.
EXTRA PAY.—Grand larceny.
OFFICE.—Position for pillage.
TARIFF.—Harbor-Bill-expander.
CAMPAIGN.—Scramble for spoils.
DEVOTION TO THE STATE.—Gag.
ARMY.—Adjunct to Indian agencies.
PARTY.—Gang plundering together.
PLATFORM.—Platitudes for outsiders.
CONSTITUENTS.—Purchasable voters.
POLITICAL ALLIES.—Fellow-malefactors.
NAVY.—Ground-work for appropriations.
PARTY VOTER.—Citizens with a nose-ring.
REVENUE.—Something exposed for stealing.
POLITICAL ASSESSMENT.—Highway robbery.
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.—Infernal nonsense.
PUBLIC ECONOMY.—Worse kind of nonsense.
CHANGING POLITICS.—Turningstate's evidence.

IV.

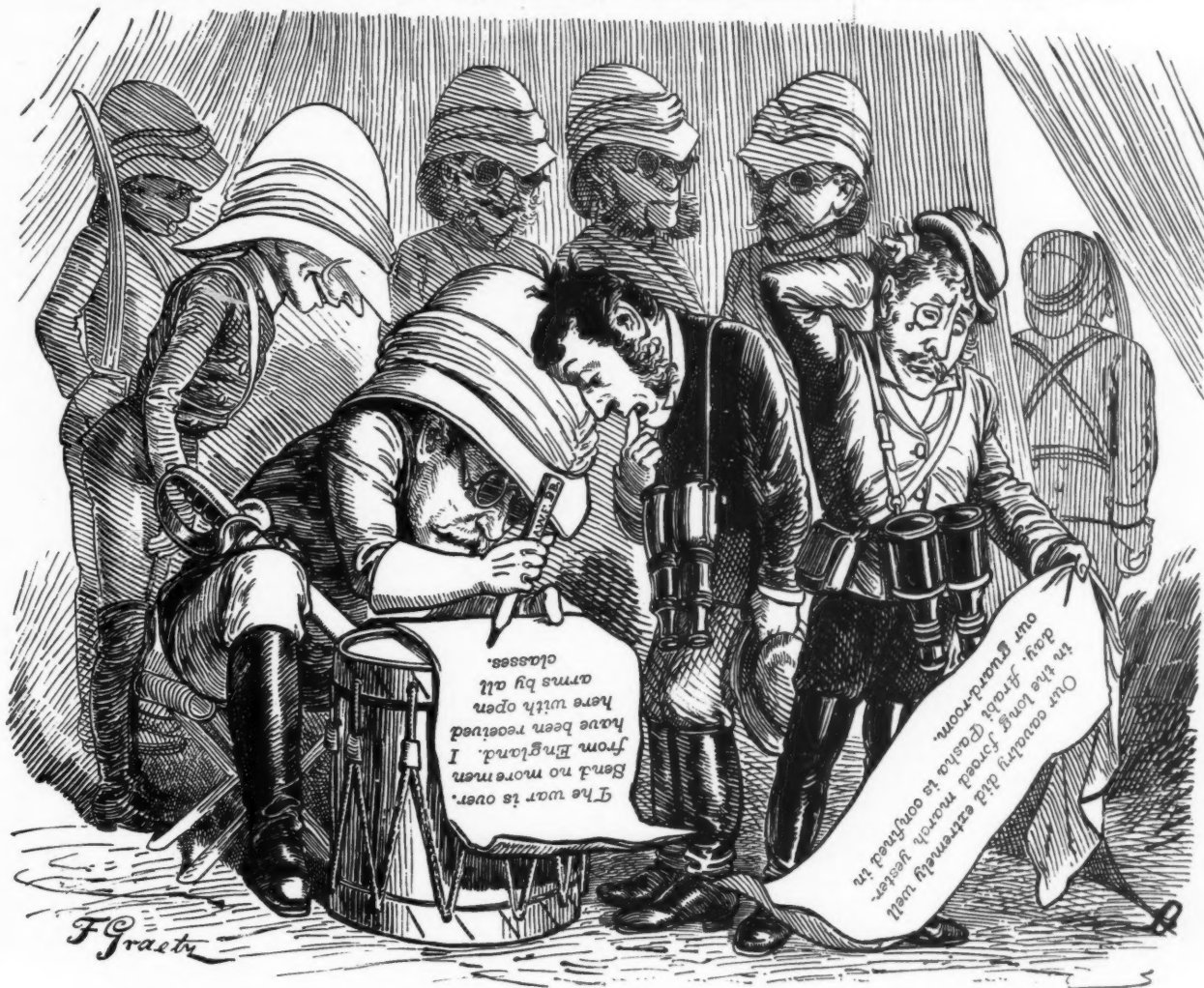
POLICE VOCABULARY.

CITIZENS.—Scum.
SOME FRIENDS OF MINE.—Burglars.
WELL-KNOWN GENTLEMAN.—Political heeler.
IMPERTINENT MEDDLERS.—Newspaper reporters.
DANGEROUS CLASSES.—Fellows who won't divide.
DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.—Wouldn't stand a treat.
BLOCKING TRAFFIC.—Trying to walk across Broadway.
ENTITLED TO EARLY INFORMATION.—Gamblers and policy-men.
RESISTING AN OFFICER.—Running away from a policeman's club.
DESPERATE CHARACTER.—Feeble old man trying to collect a bill.
RAISING DISTURBANCE IN STREET.—Sitting silently on one's stoop.
DETECTIVE.—Policeman on holiday—blind, deaf and bereft of reason.
VALUABLE INFORMATION.—Knowing where the Commissioners pass their evenings.
PROMINENT FIRM.—Establishment paying police twenty-five dollars for storage privileges on pavement.
A CLUE.—Not the slightest idea who committed the crime, and discussing in a saloon the number of pugilists John L. Sullivan can knock out in four rounds. MANAT.

FAVORITE FICTION.

"A SEA CHANGE"—Twenty V's.
"A VERY GLIBUN"—Sunset Cox.
"MATRIMONY"—The Mormon Question.
"A FAIR BARBARIAN"—Miss Mary Anderson, as *Parthenia*.
"SINGLE-HEART AND DOUBLE-FACE"—Wadsworth and Conkling.
"A FAIR PHILOSOPHER"—Take a ticket in the raffle for the heathen.
"TWO ON A TOWER"—or, the Bride's First Lesson in Pronunciation.
"HEAPS OF MONEY"—Jay Gould's Christmas present for Roscoe Conkling.
"THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION"—J. A. Hubbell's Assessment Committee.
"YESTERDAY"—Sept. 26th inst.—the day before this number of PUCK is published.

THE LAST OF THE WAR TELEGRAMS FROM EGYPT.



GLOOMY OUTLOOK FOR IMAGINATIVE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS NOW OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

A POET'S ERROR.

A poet in a Boston paper sings:

"Does Summer die when Autumn cold
Entombs with frost her precious mould?"

Well, hardly; in fact it never does. Any man of common sense ought to know that Summer doesn't die until about the middle of February. If Summer dies during the Autumn, then Autumn must be born during the Summer, and that is certainly paradoxical, if true. The only indication we have of Autumn in the Summer is the young lady sweetly nailing her father for some Fall clothes; but even this is not a proof that Autumn has really set in, because she figures on a sealskin sacque in the middle of July in the same airy manner that she speculates on a Spring bonnet and decides upon a Summer watering-place in January.

A more practical poet would have written and connected with the truth:

Does Summer die, and Autumn smile
On him who has no Winter tile?

This query might easily be answered in the affirmative, because the seasons seem to govern themselves according to man's circumstances.

When a man comes back from the sea-shore unshekeled, in a straw hat, the weather suddenly gets so cold, or, rather, chilly, that he feels ashamed of being seen on the public thoroughfares in his straw tile. So he rustles around as lively as he can for about a week and raises sufficient money to purchase himself a Derby, and then it becomes so warm that the people are sunstruck on the street. Another thing that exerts a great influence on the sea-

sons and their changes is that so-called badge of wealth and refinement—the light overcoat. Just let a man buy a nobby light overcoat during the Summer, and there will be no Autumn at all to speak of. It will keep red hot right up to November, and the weather prophets will speak of the unprecedented crop of Indian Summers, and the backward pumpkin pie; but let the same man be without a light overcoat, and he will wake up on a September morning and find frost enough on his window to write his name on; and he will be invited to a great number of receptions, either because he has no light overcoat to wear over his swallow-tail, or no swallow-tail to wear under the light overcoat he doesn't possess. Oh, no, gentle poet, of our glorious Boston contemporary, you are wrong when you sing:

"Does Summer die when Autumn cold
Entombs with frost her precious mould?"

You should sing, to be truthful:

The Summer sinks to sweet repose
When man has got no Winter clothes.

POMPEY'S ACROSTIC.

Bet my ole stockin's dar ain't gwine to be
Leas' bit ob a show for A. B. C.
In de go-as-you-please p'litical race
Now organized for de Gov'nor's place.
Dar is nuffin' but a stone-blin' fool,
Pas' takin' in dat little blin' pool;
Out 'n dis here race he mout's well git;
On de Wall Street curb he now kin sit,
Lookin' for de hole whar de big ball lit.

J. C. E.

'TIS EVER THUS.

It is seldom that a man can look the world calmly in the face and proclaim his perfection. He is never perfect.

When he buys a hat his shoes burst out, and as soon as he purchases a new pair of shoes his trousers bag sadly at the knees, and, when they are replaced by another pair that don't match with his coat, his suspenders give out, and, before he has another pair on, some one tells him it is about time to buy a new scarf, so he gets one, only to ascertain that his dress suit is so badly moth-eaten that he cannot wear it again.

After being measured for a dress suit, he finds his opera hat has had something spilled on it and must be replaced, and that his dress shirts have been worn by his brother-in-law while house-painting, and they must be immediately cast aside.

By this time his shoes need mending, and he finds the pawnbroker has moved away with his overcoat.

After he gets a new one he will begin at the hat and go through the whole catalogue again.

It is never till a man is ready to go to a reception that he becomes acquainted with the melancholy fact that all his cuffs and collars have got edges on them like cross-cut saws.

THE LONDON *Punch* will publish the following: Sir Garnet Wolseley has gone to Tel-el-Kebir that Arabi is a pretty Bey rum sort of a fellow.

AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.

END OF THE SEASON.

On these pale sands, with clasped hands,
No more fond lovers snipe-like frolic,
Or in the shade drink lemonade,
Eat chowder and invite the colic.
The long sky sweep beyond the deep
No longer scares the timid maiden
With some dire thought of vessels fraught
With coal, that go down deeply-laden:
No longer charms or frights the water
The butcher's boy, the janitor's daughter.

The life-lines meet no more the feet
Of bathers and induce them under
The breaking waves, where each one staves
His head against the sand in wonder.
No more do float, like some odd boat,
Mis-shapen straw hats out to seaward,
Nor breakers fetch some timid wretch
A stomach blow that knocks him leeward:
There's no more ducking in the water
By the butcher's boy of the janitor's daughter.

No more beneath the shady wreath
Of some old cedar in retirement
The lovers sit while hours flit,
Their mutual joy their sole requirement;
The maiden's hat's no more squeezed flat
While in his arms she's gently rocking,
And tickling straws her nose updraws,
And sand-flies bite her through her stocking:
No rival boats now sail the water
For the butcher's boy, the janitor's daughter.

D. V. L.

GOOD LUCK AND GOOD ACTS.

"Do you believe people fare according to their acts?" inquired a Sorosis-looking old lady of the people sitting around a boarding-house table the other evening.

"I do," replied a suspender peddler, who sat at the end of the table: "I believe people fare according to their acts. When a man performs a good act, he has good luck. I once knew a man who saved the life of an heiress, and some months later they were married. Wasn't that good luck?"

"It was," replied a skeptical plumber: "but I don't believe in any of this luck business. I once knew a man who jumped off a ferry-boat in the middle of Winter and saved two ladies from drowning. He caught a bad cold, which settled in his legs, and he eventually had to have them amputated, and was obliged to sit on a curbstone and beg for the rest of his life, with a card bearing the legend: 'Please help the Legless.'"

"Come to think of it," remarked the Sorosis-looking old lady: "good luck does seem to be the hand-maiden of vice. Now we read every day of wife murderers having their sentences commuted from death to a few years imprisonment, while a public benefactor can't recover from an attack of paralysis. Then a murderer comes out of prison improved in health, starts a bar-room and makes a fortune, while the missionary, who goes among tropical savages for the purpose of saving their so-called souls, is cooked and eaten for his pains."

"Well," said the suspender peddler, as he cut fiercely at his steak: "I know a man who once gave a beggar five cents, and on the way home he picked up a pocketbook."

"And once when I was on my way home," continued the skeptical plumber: "I refused to give a beggar a cent, and two minutes later a man rushed up to me and paid back five dollars that I had forgotten all about. Doesn't that rather upset your argument?"

"I don't think so. I know a man who commenced life by cleaning out a bank and building the fires. By being strictly honest he got to be president."

"Well," said the skeptical plumber: "I also know a man who was different from your friend. He commenced as a book-keeper and wound

up by cleaning the bank out—cleaned it out of half a million. After he paid twenty thousand dollars to have himself acquitted and honorably discharged, he bought a marble residence on Fifth Avenue, and kept horses, while his wife became a leader in society. He could never have lived in such style and been looked up to in such a manner if he had remained honest and depended on his salary. I tell you I believe good luck to be the reward of crime."

"Just as bad luck is the penalty of virtue!" exclaimed the Sorosis-looking old lady, rather warmly: "One time I went out and helped fix the Christmas greens in the interior of the church, and, while doing so, fell off the ladder and almost killed myself. Then I went on an errand of mercy—took provisions to a family afflicted with small-pox—and got the dread malady myself, and am so pitted to-day that my face looks like a map of a man's brains. Another time I went out to pay some bills, and collect money for the church, and was sun-struck. The clergyman told me I would get my reward some time, and I left him and went home to find a lot of country relatives who had come to town to make me a three-month visit. Then I left the church and renounced religion, and my uncle died and left me thirty thousand dollars, and my husband was elected a member of the Legislature. Why, I know a man that joined the church and was struck by lightning on the way home. I tell you now, I don't believe in any of this sentimental nonsense. I believe in things as they are, and not as they ought to be. I know the Sunday-school superintendent may fall on a banana skin and break his neck, while a gambler may dance on the same leveler as sure-footed as a chamois."

"I know a man," replied the suspender peddler, anxious to carry his point: "who saved his employer's life, and was advanced and eventually taken into the firm for his courageous act. Wasn't that a reward for his heroism?"

"It was," burst forth the skeptical plumber, who had been perspiring and writhing to participate more freely in the conflict: "but I know a man who took care of an employee while sick, and sent him to Europe to recuper-

ate. After that clerk got back, he robbed his employer and eloped with his wife. Now where did the employer come in for his good luck in payment for his good acts?"

The suspender peddler couldn't respond, and the skeptical plumber headed off the Sorosis-looking woman by stating:

"Once, when I was traveling out West, I saw a gambler inveigle a church trustee into a game of draw-poker. Although the church trustee was a better man in every respect, as well as a man who had performed many good acts, he had no chance whatever with the gambler, who was about as depraved a specimen of humanity as I ever saw. In ten minutes the church trustee hadn't money enough in his possession to buy a newspaper."

"I wish to recall two events which happened in the Summer of either '75 or '76!" exclaimed the Sorosis-looking old lady: "They were both reported in the daily papers, and you may remember them. Do you recollect the Holyoke disaster, as it was called, in which a number of people were killed while worshipping in a church?"

"We do."

"And do you not know that worshipers, while worshipping, are much better than a number of reveling newspaper editors?"

"We do."

"And do you not recollect that while these good people were killed at their worship, a number of Boston editors sailed safely in a balloon from Boston to, I think, Providence,* and drank champagne and had a gay time on the way?"

"We do," they all replied.

"And don't you think if a lot of wicked editors can sail around safely in a balloon and drink champagne, while a lot of good, charitable people are killed in church, that good luck is the reward of wickedness, and ill luck the penalty of virtue?"

They all voted in the affirmative, except the suspender peddler, who evidently felt sore at having been so summarily disposed of.

* Rhode Island.

R. K. M.

ANY PORT IN A STORM; OR, CATCHING AT STRAWS.



KELLY (TO N. Y. DEMOCRACY):—"HA! HA! YOU'VE COME TO YOUR SENSES AT LAST! HANG ON, I'M YOUR ONLY HOPE!"

THE TALKER TALKED.

He was a short, thick-set individual, dressed in the height of fashion. Stepping into the office as timidly as an Alpine fawn, he inquired:

"Is the scientific editor in?"

"I am he."

"Have you time?"

"Certainly," replied the scientific editor: "This is my idle day. This is my reception day, and I am prepared to listen to stories, and buy neckties, and talk to agents, and examine works of art, and make notes for patent medicine puffs, or take items for snake narratives, or write up hat stores, and talk to peddlers, and swap off the office furniture for cheap statuary. I have nothing at all to do, so you needn't be brief. Go right into details; for I feel very lonely, and yearn for society."

"All right," said the visitor, removing his hat and smiling: "I am going to give you some points for an entertaining and instructive article, to be entitled: 'Accidental Discoveries.'"

"Thank you, sir, thank you; just what I want, for tomorrow I shall have to grind out a column of scientific stuff. What is the nature of your idea?"

"I will give you the whole racket in a few sentences which I shall quote, for I have memorized them from my favorite paper, the *Age of Steel*."

"Very well, go ahead, sir."

"An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain."

"Great discovery," replied the scientific editor: "I suppose he made lots of money out of it, and lost it all trying to make more out of a 'Pinafore' troupe."

The airy swell continued:

"The power of lenses, as applied to a telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger he was startled at the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighboring church spire."

"And well he might have been—probably thought he had D. T.; but I suppose he went and told the man for whom he was working for two dollars per week, and he made all the money by manufacturing opera-glasses for bald-headed men. But did the boy ever finish his apprenticeship, or did he get high-toned and want to be a brakeman on the Elevated Road? Don't be afraid to tell me all you know, because I want the article as interesting as possible."

"Thank you," replied the guest, as he loosened his necktie that he might breathe more freely: "I will."

And he went on:

"The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glasscutter. By accident a few drops of *aqua fortis* fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon the glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish was removed the figure appeared raised upon a dark ground."

"That is splendid," replied the scientific editor, twisting around in his chair at the prospect of getting ideas for a good article: "that is perfectly splendid. I'll say if it were not for this discovery no one would be able to scratch their names all over our windows, and we would not be able to buy hand-glasses for our girls, with Maud, Ethel and Elaine etched upon them. And so, as soon as the varnish was removed, the figure appeared raised, did it? Well, then I'll say something about raising his aunty to please the pokerites. Go ahead, give me more."

"All right, sir, all right, here goes: 'Mezzotinto owed his invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusty with dew. The swaying of a chandelier in a cathedral suggested to Galileo the application of a pendulum.'"

"Thank you, thank you. I would never suppose that Mezzotinto could have made his discovery through the medium of a joke rusty with dew, because a joke only gets rusty with age, and a gun-barrel seems more natural. And Galileo thought of the pendulum by seeing a swaying chandelier, did he? Good boy, Galileo; you never could have got up the pendulum by noting the swaying of a Tammany Democrat. But give me more. I want enough for two columns. Now, then, I'm listening."

"Well," responded the visitor: "a poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as he proposed to be sent away to be washed. Not having pen, ink and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone, intending to make a copy at his leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect *aqua fortis* would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in full relief. The next step was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression."

"That's a stinger, sir; that's a stinger. The best item yet, and I'll suggest that Chinese laundries adopt the stone system, and have lithographic book-keepers. That will please all lovers of humor, and by working it up I

can make a good article. Now, then, tell me some more, and if you have any that will admit of humorous treatment, don't hold them back."

"I have told you all I know."

"You have! Well, let me speak now. By the simplest accident I got into hot water not long ago. My wife thought she found another lady's hair on my sleeve, and it almost led to a divorce. By the merest ac—"

"I am serious!" replied the visitor, indignantly.

"Glad to hear it. Tell me a lot of serious stuff."

"Now I won't!"

"Then give me some theatre tickets?"

"I have none."

"Lend me your season-ticket to Manhattan Beach."

"I don't own one."

"Then I'll write a puff for your hair-oil."

"Sir, you trifle with me; I am not a hair-oil man."

"Then sit down and tell me some snake stories. I'll listen to everything you say."

"I don't know any snake stories."

"Then take me out for a drink."

The visitor looked at him pretty hard, and the scientific editor said:

"Well, don't; we'll sit here and have a good, long talk, because I want to kill time. Now, when I was out in Minnesota, I met a man with a snake. Said I—"

But when he looked up his guest was gone. The good-natured editor had beaten him at his own game.

ON THE HOLY OFFICE OF MATRIMONY.

RONDEAU.

Her wedding-cards, Faith, I'd forgot
That weddings were—all women not—
Daughters of toil by vulgar trades,
All *filles boutiques*, or chambermaids,
Or daughters—will we say of what?
'Tis so fair features blur and blot
On portraits prized once—so each dot
And cross of missives dainty fades—
Shall wedding-cards?

We laugh when such things hap—we trot
Out cynic saws, and yet, God wot
These are at best the quavering aids
That urchins seek in churchyard shades—
Each man to some one's grudging lot:
Her wedding-cards.

A. E. WATROUS.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—She nominates you.

PEARL POWDER, Cincinnati.—Dust yourself off.

L. ST. L. STILLWELL, Lowell, Mass.—It is a pretty poem. But did Thomas Moore ever write under the nom-de-plume of "L. St. L. Stillwell"?

BICEPS.—No, Cicero never wrote anything on training, and "McPherson on Crania" has nothing to do with skulls. There are, however, some valuable hints to prize-fighters in Virgil's description of Turnus's little slugging match.

GAUDEAMUS.—You had better rejoice while there is any youth left in you. If you go down to a dishonorable old age trying to popularize such puns as you have sent us, your fellow-citizens will probably accelerate your departure in order to raise a mule-stable over your grave.

LAMIA, Boston.—Too much culture, dear girl, too much culture—that's what's the matter with your young man. Not his culture; but yours. When a youth in a gum-drop hat calls to see you two evenings a week, what is needed to lure him on to three is not Greek roots, but an economical allowance of chair and an unlimited benefaction of gentle idiocy. Drop the classics, let him measure you for a new sash; and inside of a fortnight—take our word for it—he'll be asking the old gentleman if you two can't board with the family the first year.

The Springfield Bicycle meet was a success. Twelve thousand people assembled, at the rate of fifty cents a head, to gaze upon some three hundred young men in Knickerbockers. Some of the young men wore stockings. Some wore their own hair. All were picturesque, and among them they gave the twelve thousand their money's worth. The credit for this is principally due to Mr. H. E. Ducker, of the Springfield Bicycle Club; but also, in part, to the natural loveliness and beauty of the bicycle.

To Mr. Alfred Trumble we are indebted for a very entertaining and useful book, entitled "Great Artists of the American Stage." It is compiled by that gentleman, and contains biographies, with portraits, of Joseph Jefferson, Fanny Janauschek, Edwin Booth, Clara Morris, Lester Wallack, Fanny Davenport, John Gilbert and a score of others.

AMUSEMENTS.

"The Merry War" is still running at the THALIA THEATRE.

"The Blackbird" has proved a lodestone at the THEATRE COMIQUE.

"Patience," at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, pursues its aesthetic way with vigor.

Gus Williams must be a good actor. He "cornered" theatricals in St. Louis last week.

Mr. Chizzola, the manager of Salvini, arrived from Europe last week in the "City of Berlin."

"Mankind," one of the best of the legion of realistic melodrama, holds the boards at DALY'S THEATRE.

Leonard Grover's play: "Viva; or, a Sister's Sacrifice," is now undergoing performance at NIBLO'S GARDEN.

"Taken from Life," with its wonderful explosion scene, will soon be taken from WALLACK'S to make way for "The Parvenu."

Il Commendatore Tommaso Salvini will leave Florence for Paris September 30th. He will embark for America from Havre October 7th.

Last night, at HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE, R. D'Oyley Carte's Opera Company was announced to appear in "les Manteaux Nous."

At HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, Hague's British Operatic Minstrels are engaged in entertaining the patrons of the house.

Two ballets, music, singing, a flying dancer, a light opera, gymnasts, a full orchestra—what more do you want at the METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR?

"The World," at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, until October 2nd, when the Strakosch Grand English Opera Company will be let loose on the stage.

Miss Maggie Mitchell is now playing in "Fanchon," at ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE. The part is one that has made Miss Mitchell's reputation, and will always help to sustain it.

To-night week Mr. Bronson Howard's new play, entitled: "Young Mrs. Winthrop," is to be presented at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE; in the meantime "Esmeralda" will jog along.

"The White Slave" has proved almost as popular as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in Philadelphia. "Let Campbell continue," say the Philadelphians: "and slavery will be abolished from the land."

This is the last week of Mme. Théo, at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, who is now playing *Serpolette* in "les Cloches de Corneville," and *Bettina* in "la Mascotte." "La Jolie Parfumeuse," last week, gained for her hundreds of admirers by her acting of the character of *Rose Michon*. Théo is the most refined exponent of French opera bouffe we have ever had in this country.

Madame Helena Modjeska (Countess Bozenta), the famous Polish actress, is at the Clarendon. Her American tour, under the management of Mr. John Stetson, will begin at the GLOBE THEATRE, Boston, October 2nd, with "Adrienne Lecouvreur." She will play at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE in December. The personal direction of Madame Modjeska's tour will be entrusted to Mr. Fred. Stinson.

Heinrich Hudson pointed out to Peter Staggerwalt, as they sailed up the Narrows, the present site of the City of Brooklyn. "That spot will be famous some day," he said. This was in September, 1609. Hudson was right. Miss Mary Anderson is playing at the PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, this week, and the Kiralfy Brothers are presenting "Around the World in 80 Days" at HAVERLY'S. Both are doing well.

Victor Capoul, M. Maire, tenor, Mme. Anais Privat, M. Noe Cadeau, Mlle. Henrietta de Moya, M. Maugé and the other artists of Maurice Grau's new French Opera Comique Company arrived, on Thursday last, by the steamer "France." Mme. Maria Deriois, the new prima donna, will arrive to-day. The company will make their appearance, at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE, October 16th, in Offenbach's most humorous opera, "les Contes d'Hoffman." Capoul and Mme. Deriois will be seen during the season in Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet."

The epidemic of realistic melodrama has broken out, at BOOTH'S THEATRE, in the shape of "The Romany Rye." The mechanical effects, scenery and picturesque grouping are as fine and as ingenious as could well be conceived, but the piece itself, as a literary work, is beneath criticism. It teaches nothing; but serves as a medium to exhibit the cleverness of the machinist and stage carpenter. The action drags, the dialogue so dull and stupid that the spectator must leave the theatre wondering why so much money should have been spent on such splendid rubbish.



IS IT CHRISTIAN TO THANK
"Mr. Gladstone has requested the Archbishop of York to order thanksgiving churches



THANKS FOR ISLAM SLAUGHTER?
 "Thanksgiving services for the success of the British arms in Egypt."—Telegram from England.

SHORT ESSAYS.

I.—IMPRESSIONS—AFTER WILDE.

I.

Soft haze about the woodland lurks,
Disturbs the ox the slender prod,
And Annabel the golden rod
From earth with coy abandon jerks.

The sumach by the meadow burns,
No robin charms the garden nook,
And in the forest by the brook
The squirrel skips among the ferns.

And while the Summer's weary ghost
Across the valley floats away,
I think of theatres and May,
Delmonico's and quail on toast.

II.

The partridge darts across the wold,
The rabbit by the runnel dreams,
And all the songless woodland seems
A silent symphony in gold.

Now lovers in the meadow stroll,
Her eye 's the poem he doth con—
He thinks his name is writ upon
The lily-tablet of her soul.

The blue-birds southward swiftly fly,
The crow above the buckwheat caws,
And small boys yearn to stretch their jaws
Serenely round the pumpkin pie.

III.

We dream about our sea-side loves—
Those sweet, seraphic little gangs
Of damozels with golden bangs,
Blue eyes and seven-button gloves.

We dream about the full dress hop,
And conversations on the beach,
And cheeks as ruddy as a peach,
And of the sparkling ginger pop.*

And how we laughed at Fortune's flaws
That couldn't make our spirits droop,
While we alone upon the stoop
Mint juleps drank through slender straws.

II.—FABLES FROM THE LANIGANESE.

I.—THE ASS AND THE CAT.

An Ass one day Observed a Cat Ascend a Tree to Escape from a Dog, and a Bright Idea entered his Head:

"When my Master comes to set me to Work, I shall run up the Tree and Remain for the Day."

And when the Master came, lo and behold, the Ass Started for the Nearest Tree at Full Speed, and Ascended about four Feet when he fell back to the Ground, and was so Completely Knocked Out of Shape that his Master found it Impossible to Adjust his Harness on him, and was obliged to Destroy him There and Then.

MORAL. Never Attempt to be too Versatile, and don't Endeavor to Dodge Honest Work when you have to Work for a Living, lest Per-adventure you get Left.

II.—THE POET AND THE BENEFactor.

A Young Poet, who was once so Impecunious that he was Reduced to the Extremity of Living in a Garret, and Mending what Clothes he had with Wire, was one day Met by an Old Gentleman who was so Pleased with the Legend of his Sufferings that he became his Benefactor on the Spot. Several years later, when the Poet was out of the Woods, he Published, at his own Expense, a Volume of his Poems, and sent a Copy to his Benefactor, who, upon this

*The original line was

"And of the matrimonic pop,"

but the proof reader changed it to "ginger pop," claiming that the reader would understand the kind of "pop" meant, and it would thus have double force, and appear cute and cunning. "What is home without a proof reader?" is now the lamentation of that dignitary's wife, as she goes to the hospital to inquire as to the condition of his injuries.

Proof of the Poet's Ingratitude, Cut him Forever.

We are Taught by this Fable that we should Never be Unkind to our Benefactors, because We may Sometime want to Borrow more Money from Them. We are also Taught that Benefacting a Poet is a Disastrous and Thankless Experiment.

III.—THE ANTERIOR TURKEY.

One day an old Turkey took a Walk through the Meadow to see how the Crops were getting along. Seeing a Hornets' Nest by a Stone Wall, she Fondly Imagined she could Hatch out the Contents. So she Sat down upon It, and *did* Hatch out the Contents in about two Seconds. Five Minutes later she stood upon a bit of Looking-Glass, filled with Humiliation, Running her Bill through her Feathers and Attempting to Count the number of Perforations in her Breast, which looked very Much like a Nutmeg-Grater.

The Moral of this Fable teaches us that Squatting on other People's Property is a Perilous Proceeding; and that there are some Humble Institutions which cannot be Sat Upon.

IV.—THE A. A. AND THE P. M. M.

A certain Advertising Agent once went to a Patent Medicine Man to Secure his Advertisement, and, upon Admitting that the Circulation of his Paper was but Two Hundred Copies weekly, the Patent Medicine Man threw him out on the Sidewalk and Danced all over his Anatomy for Wasting his Valuable Time.

MORAL. Never tell the Truth, especially Regarding your Circulation.

III.—TWO POETS.

They were both poets and lovers of nature in all its varying moods. They could see ineffable beauty in a passing cloud, and find pretty similes in a tranquil ocean or in a pair of blue eyes peeping from beneath a profusion of dead-gold bangs.

"How all these tender and precious flowers

of the Summer pass away from us when the rime of Autumn glitters on the pane!"

"True," replied the other poet: "Oh, that it were Summer all the year 'round, for Summer seems to me a season of love—a short, sweet span whose golden idlesse charms my languid soul and lights my dreams with chaste forgetfulness. But Winter is fierce and cold, and suggests nothing to me but desolation and death, while Summer seems the emblem of all that is delicious and soul-satisfying. When rich, sensuous wreaths of perfume rise from the dewy meadow at early morn, and the lark sings until lost in cloudland, then do I like to wander forth and commune with rosy nature right upon rosy nature's rosy lap. But I will walk ahead a bit, and you watch."

"Watch what?" inquired the other poet, in amazement.

"I will tell you: I sewed a scarlet patch on the dome of these my lilac trousers this morning, and I wish you to tell me whether or not my coat-tails shield it from the public gaze."

And when the watcher told his companion that the patch had burst forth upon his vision with all the sanguinary effulgence of a harvest moon, the bard determined to wear a pair of cobbles in the pockets of his coat-tails to hold them down as far as possible.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

"HAVE YOU had your pictures taken?"

"Never," he replied.

"And why not?" she inquired.

"I suppose, because I never could get on the Hanging Committee."

He was an artist.

IT HAS been said that the Ford Brothers are on exhibition in a city museum. But we know that the original Jesse James is serving as clerk in a Boston Hotel.

CAPTAIN EYRE SHAW—Mr. Eli Perkins—Mr. Eli Perkins—Captain Eyre Shaw—gentlemen, you ought to know each other.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE TRAMPS.

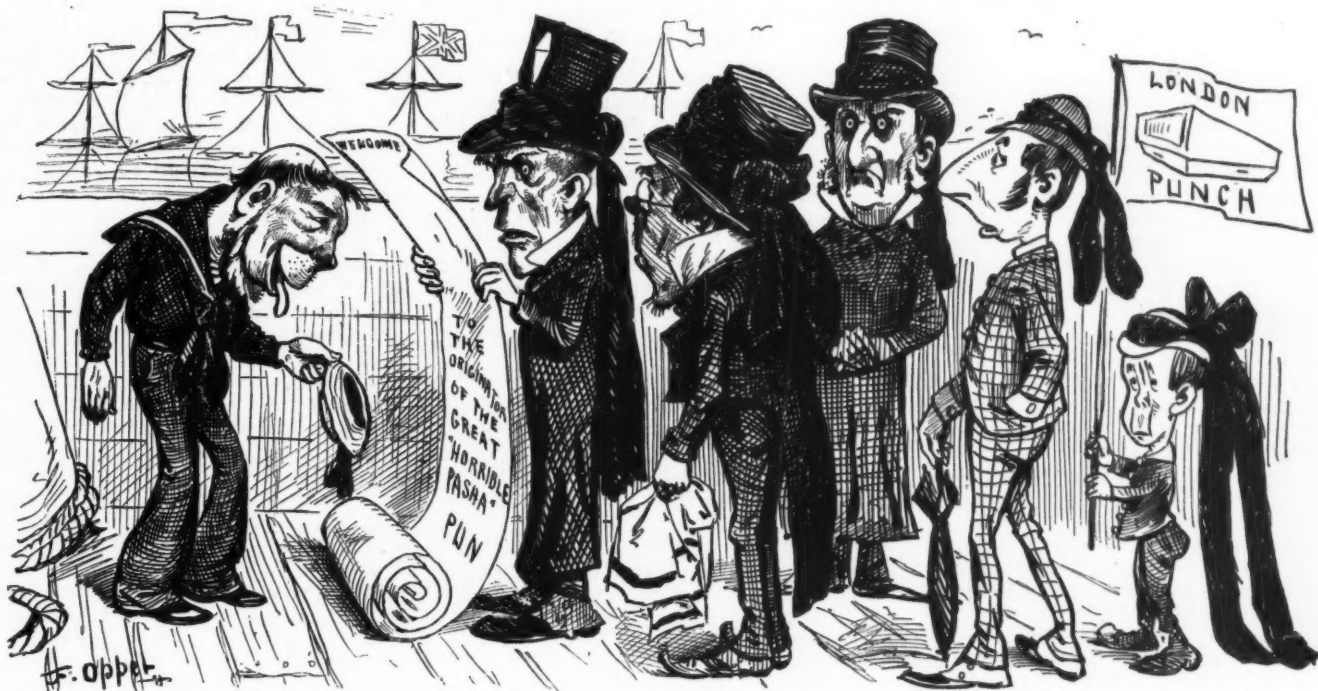
"We's gwine back to Dixie,
Once more we's gwine to plunder!"



THE TRAMPS ARE FLOCKING BACK FROM THE COUNTRY.—Daily Paper.

Mr. Robeson has got the unanimous nomination of his country, and his return to Congress is assured; Mr. Keifer also stands a good chance of re-election.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE END OF THE EGYPTIAN WAR.



THE PUNCH STAFF EXTENDS A WELCOME TO THE BRITISH SAILOR WHO MADE THE CELEBRATED PUN OF "HORRIBLE PASHA."

HICKORY NUTS.

MAXWELL'S CORNERS, Sept. 25th, '82.

Mr. Editor, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

I take my Pen in hand to rite you a letter from Maxwell's Corners. I see you haint got no corrspondent from here, and I am in Hopes you will print my letter becuz I want you to learn the news from this Place Week by week. I aint used to weeldin a Pen, and my fingers aint so limber as They might have ben if They'd fooled around the ink Stand as long as youn have, so I hope you will excuse mistakes and a bad Sti, as the Pig said when he Broke loose.

But, as I was agoi' to say, I haint lived 50 Years for nuthin. Any feller with a pair of 2 eyes into his head can't live 50 Years and see nuthin'. Or, to change the Figger, I've ben a pickin' up of this and that and stuffin' on it into my frennylogical Pockets as I went through life, and it's come now to the pint that my metyforical Breeches is so heavy that I can't walk with 'em convenient. That is the reason why I rite this letter.

This is a good day to begin the Job, Mr. Editor, becuz Sary (that's my wife) is caught over to Mis' Jones' with her new Bunnit on, and its rainin'. I'm powerful glad not to have her Round, for it's a piagy hard Job to rite a letter, let alone bein' pestered while one's a doin' on't. 'Taint like farmin', ritin aint. When I go to the field I kin most generally put in some good Lix of Work right off; it don't make no difference what kind of a tool I'm usin. But when I take hold of a Pen I aint nowhar, and I don't See no chance of gittin thar, nuther. Not for want of suthin to say, mind you. This ere kranium of mine is crackin' this minit it's so full o' meat—but blamed 'f I can can get my fingers into the Crack.

In the first place I dont know what to call this ere Ritin. I have named seventeen odd children and grand children & so forth sence I began to be a family man, but most of their names I got out of the Bible, startin' with Jennysis and fishin' all the way through to Revolution. I haint done much generalizin' in the Name Bisnis savin for Mehitabel's two last boys. Proper names gin out when I come

to them, and so I jist called one Creation and t'other Tarnation, and Mehitabel says I struck it that time—

Say, Mr. Editor! I've got an idee. Why couldn't we call this letter "Hickory Nuts"—from my name, you know? I should like to have my name at both Eend of it, so that people in Maxwell Corners will know Who rit it. I hate to do anythin for nothin—don't you? I aint no hard Shell baptist, but still I aint ashamed o' my name, and if it's all the same to you, I wished you wouldn't hide it under no Bushel basket.

Wal, now I'm a goin to git to the News. I have bin long enough gittin to it haven't I?

It is a rainin today at Maxwell's Corners.

Sary Nutt is a vistin at the Joneses for the day.

Apples aint Ripe—nuther is Green corn; But Cowcubers is doin well.

Thar will be Preachin at the school House next Sundy, if nuthin prevents.

Squire Gallup has got a wooden Leg. He has had it for fourteen Year.

Mis Babcock is very sick with little improvement.

Johnny Bedell is buildin a hen Koop for his Dog.

Nobody Nose how we should like to have a Sircus come to Maxwell's Corners. There is Plenty of room to pitch up a Tent.

The Fishin is good, but thar aint any Fish. Lem Hopkines boy ketched Kold below the bridge fishin Tuesdy. That is all he ketched—except a Spankin' when he got home. It was done with a Kurry Komb.

The Wimmis Sowin Surkle will Meat at our House next Wensdy. Object, to Sow Shurts and Pants for the heathen. Cast off garments thankfully received. Gentlemen havin' cast-away Shurts please Don't do it, But fetch 'em to Mrs. Sarah Nutt. Refreshments at ten. Singin at ten five. Dancin' from ten five till midnight. Gentlemen will please come at ten five.

HICKORY NUTT.

"REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:
In Spring he tears them and in Winter burns."
But what may chance to suit his ends,
He prints for half a million friends.

HUGININ AND THE BURGLAR.

Caliope Huginin was, on his arrival at Castle Garden, advised by a number of his compatriots to seek employment as a night-watchman—a position for which his graces of speech and mien most admirably fitted him. Mr. Huginin had been in the old country a tenant-farmer, but political intrigues, Belfast gin and a family of twelve Huginins had much depleted his exchequer. He sought in the United States some light employment.

He got it in the shape of the post of private night-watchman at Bonded Warehouse No. 17, Street, New York.

At twelve o'clock each night *le père* Huginin would make his appearance and commence his rounds. His first duty was to sound an alarm to the District Messenger office from the box placed in the doorway; then he would proceed to the first floor and give similar acknowledgement of his presence, and so on to the top of the house—six stores in all.

As these alarms had to be sounded each hour, there was no reasonable prospect of Mr. Huginin being able to enjoy any sleep—a fact accentuated by the circumstance that if at the times appointed the District Company failed to hear from Mr. Huginin they would at once dispatch policemen and messengers to succor him if he was in need, or to report him to his employers if he was derelict.

For rendering this not unimportant service—a purely mechanical undertaking—Mr. Huginin was guaranteed \$9.50 a week.

On the first night of his service he exhilarated himself somewhat, but that did not prevent him from shuddering perceptibly as he heard the rats frisking in the sub-cellar, and, as to the monotonous ticking of a Connecticut clock, he prowled around in darkness guided only by a dark lantern.

At one, at two and at three o'clock he sounded the appropriate alarms. It lacked five minutes of four as Mr. Huginin sat on a stool in the office smoking a Land League clay pipe. Suddenly he heard a noise in the rear of the building.

He jumped up. It continued. He heard the

rasping of a file and a "jimmy" being dexterously applied.

"For the love of Ireland," said Mr. Huginin: "who are you and what do you want here?"

One of the iron shutters swung on its hinges, and, by the light of his lantern, Mr. Huginin saw plainly the face of a burglar climbing into the premises. He jumped for him. They grappled. There was a fierce struggle. The clock struck!

Ah! Mr. Huginin bethought him of the alarm. Scrambling along the floor, and being punched and cuffed at every step, he caught the tickler and the alarm sounded out clear and fair in the stillness of the night.

"All is lost," said the burglar, retreating.

("Huginin is at his post," said the superintendent at the Hudson Street office.)

Closely following the retreating marauder, Huginin, full of hope for his own rescue, renewed the fight on the second floor.

"Ring and I fire!" cried the burglar.

"Do your worst," said Caliope: "I defy ye." He sounded another alarm.

("Huginin is a spry fellow," said the superintendent to one of the boys at the District Messenger station: "it has only taken two minutes for him to get up-stairs.")

The watchman getting no relief, and suffering much from the merciless drubbing he had just received, began to be skeptical of the use and benefit of the alarm service. He quaked almost audibly in his boots. The burglar, armed to the teeth, stood before him.

"One step further and you are a dead man!" he shouted.

Huginin espied the telephone in the office and rushed frantically to it. He "called up" the superintendent.

HUGININ: "Hello!"

SUPERINTENDENT: "Well, what is it?"

HUGININ: "What's the matter?"

SUPERINTENDENT: "Nothing. You are all right. *Keep it up.* (A pause.) Good night! Connection off!"

Huginin sank to the ground. He looked almost pleadingly at the burglar. The latter instinctively realized the situation and started up-stairs. Huginin rushed after him.

"What are you going to do?" he gasped.

"Ring the alarm," said the burglar.

"Don't do that," said Huginin.

"Why not?" asked the burglar.

"It will keep the police from coming."

"That's just what I want!"

The burglar sounded the alarm.

"Bad luck to me," said Huginin: "but the United States is a strange country. The only way to get a policeman is not to call for him; if you do, begorra he won't come."

The burglar went from floor to floor, sounding the alarm at each.

("That Huginin is a steady and reliable man," said the superintendent at the station: "I would trust him implicitly.")

Meanwhile the burglar, having sated his quest for plunder, had departed, and Huginin was lying in a corner of the cellar whither he had retreated. Hearing the retiring footsteps of the burglar he took courage and laid powerful hands on the gas-meter, mistaking it for an annunciator. There was a sudden clash, and Huginin—where was he?

* * *

An hour afterward the police, *not having been called for*, came, and with them an ambulance. Huginin writes from the hospital that a County Cavan man must have invented the annunciator system, as under its operation a night-watchman is not sure of assistance unless he neglects to call for it, and is certain not to get it if he sounds the most plaintive alarms.

ERNEST HARVIER.

A HEADLIGHT IN VIEW.

THE CONDUCTOR'S STORY OF A NIGHT TRAIN ON THE UNION PACIFIC.

"Yes," said the conductor, biting off the tip of a cigar and slowly scratching a match on his leg: "I've seen a good deal of railroad life that's interesting and exciting in the twenty years that I've been twisting brakes and slamming doors for a living.

"I've seen all kinds of sorrow and all kinds of joy—seen the happy bridal couple starting out on their wedding tour with the bright and hopeful future before them, and the black-robed mourner on her way to a new-made grave where-in she must bury the idol of her lonely old heart.

"Wealth and pinching poverty ride on the same train, and the merry laugh of the joyous, healthy child is mingled with the despairing sigh of the aged. The great antipodes of life are familiar to the conductor, for every day the extremes of the world are meeting beneath his eye.

"I've mutilated the ticket of many a black-leg and handled the passes of all our most eminent dead-heads. I don't know what walk in life is more crowded with thrilling incidents than mine."

"Ever have any smash-ups?"

"Smash-ups? Oh, yes, several. None, however, that might not have been worse.

"There is one incident of my railroad life," continued the conductor, running his tongue carefully over a broken place in the wrapper of his cigar: "that I never spoke of before to any one. It has caused me more misery and wretchedness than any one thing that ever happened to me in my official career.

"Sometimes even now, after the lapse of many years, I awake in the night with the cold drops of agony standing on my face and the horrible nightmare upon me with its terrible surroundings, as plain as on the memorable night it occurred.

"I was running extra on the Union Pacific for a conductor who was an old friend of mine, and who had gone South on a vacation for his health.

"At about 7:30, as near as I can remember, we were sailing along all comfortable one evening with a straight stretch of track ahead for ten of fifteen miles, running on time and everybody feeling tip-top, as overland travelers do who acquainted with each other and feel congenial. All at once the train suddenly slowed down, ran in an old siding and stopped.

"Of course I got out and ran ahead of the engine to see what the matter was. Old Antifat, the engineer, had gone down and was on the main track looking ahead to where, twinkling along about six or seven miles down the road, apparently, was the headlight of an approaching train. It was evidently 'wild,' for nothing was due that we knew of at that hour.

"However, we had been almost miraculously saved from a frightful wreck by the engineer's watchfulness, and everybody went forward and shook old Antifat by the hand and cried and thanked him till it was the most affecting scene for awhile that I ever witnessed. It was as though we had stopped at the very verge of a bottomless chasm, and everybody was crying at once, till it was a kind of a cross between a revival and a picnic.

"After we had waited about half an hour, I should say, for the blasted train to come up and pass us, and, apparently, she was no nearer, a cold, clammy suspicion began to bore itself into the adamant shell of my intellect. The more I thought of it, the more unhappy I felt. I almost wished that I was dead. Cold streaks ran up my back, followed by hot ones. I wanted to go home. I wanted to be where the hungry,

prying eyes of the great, throbbing work-day world could not see me.

"I called Antifat to one side and said something to him. He swore softly to himself and kicked the ground, and looked at the headlight still glimmering in the distance. Then he got on his engine and I yelled 'All aboard!' In a few moments we were moving again, and the general impression was that the train ahead was side-tracked and waiting for us, although there wasn't a side track within twenty miles, except the one we had just left.

"It was never exactly clear to the passengers where we passed that wild train, but I didn't explain it to them. I was too much engrossed with my surging thoughts.

"I never felt my own inferiority so much as I did that night. I never so fully realized what a mere speck man is upon the bosom of the universe.

"When I surveyed the starry vault of heaven and considered its illimitable space, where, beyond and stretching on and on forever, countless suns are placed as centres, around which solar systems are revolving in their regular orbits, each little world peopled, perhaps, with its teeming millions of struggling humanity, and then other and mightier systems of worlds revolving about these systems till the mind is dazed and giddy with the mighty thought; and then when I compared all this universal magnificence, this brilliant aggregation of worlds and systems of worlds, with one poor, groveling worm of the dust, only a little insignificant atom, only a poor, weak, erring, worthless, fallible, blind, groping railroad conductor, with my train peacefully side-tracked in the gathering gloom and patiently waiting for the planet Venus to pass on the main track, there was something about the whole sombre picture that has overshadowed my whole life and made me unhappy and wretched while others were gay.

"Sometimes Antifat and myself meet at some liquid restaurant and silently take something in memory of our great sorrow, but never mention it. We never tear open the old rankling wound or laugh over the night we politely gave the main track to Venus while we stood patiently on the siding."

—From "Forty Liars," by Bill Nye.

THE latest craze in the decoration line is to decorate the milking-stool. When a pretty milkmaid is sitting on the stool, it doesn't need any further decoration. Its appearance cannot be improved. But when the "milkmaid" is an importation from the Green Isle, wearing cowhide boots, blue overalls, a hickory shirt, and smoking a short clay pipe, the stool does not present a very æsthetic appearance.—*Norristown Herald*.

No man, woman or child can suffer with any Skin Disease after using Swayne's Ointment.

CASTORIA.
"Why don't I sleep—what makes I cry?"
Quite well you know, dear Aunty "Fy,"
When stomach ache and moun' is sour,
And mama sleeps at midnight hour,
Cry I must for sweet CASTORIA
Same as Aunty gives Victoria.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

The following numbers of PUCK will be bought at this office, Nos. 21 & 23 Warren Street, at Ten Cents per copy: 9, 10, 14, 16, 19, 22, 25, 26, 38 and 87.

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. Price \$1.00. By mail to any part of the United States or Canada, \$1.25. KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.

READ'S GRAND DUCHESS COLOGNE.
MADE OF OTTO OF ROSES AND FRENCH FLOWERS.
Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents and \$1.00 a bottle.
WM. H. READ, Baltimore & Light Sts., Baltimore, Md.

[Portland (Oregon) Telegram.]

"C. Y. K."

A MISSOURI MAIDEN'S MYSTERIOUS MESSAGE TO HER OREGON ORLANDO.

How an Investment of One Dollar Netted a Cool Million to a lucky Portlander.

BOTTLED BLISS.

A certain young gentleman residing on Seventh Street, and who is well-known in business and society circles of Portland, is to-day the happiest man in the State of Oregon. Yes, he is, probably, the happiest man in the United States; and the proverbial felicity of the mammoth sunflower is nowhere, so to speak, when compared with the joy of our fortunate young friend. The fact of the matter is, the gentleman in question has "struck it rich," as they say down in the mines. He has realized a cool million and boundless happiness by the investment of a single dollar. The story of his brilliant, good fortune, which is, as yet, unknown, save to a few immediate friends, is briefly told as follows: [We will not at this time mention names of the parties concerned. All will shortly be known.] During the latter part of last Fall the young Portlander above referred to paid a visit to some friends in St. Louis, Mo. During his sojourn he met one night at a grand ball at the Lindell Hotel, one of the reigning belles of the sunny South, whom to meet was to love. The young lady was charming, accomplished and beautiful—the only daughter of millionaire parents. The Oregonian's heart went "pit-a-pat," and his brain went "whirligig." It was a genuine case of love at first sight and the young man's affections were reciprocated. He was invited to the lady's beautiful home near the park. The father was dead. The mother, alas! opposed the union of two fond hearts that beat like one. Tears, idle tears! The serious opposition of the mother was based upon the fact that her daughter's health had been enfeebled by frequent attacks of chronic rheumatism, which latter resisted the treatment of the most skilled physicians of the South and North. The young man begged, implored, besought, but all in vain. At last the stern parent so far relented as to promise her consent to the marriage as soon as her daughter should be entirely cured of her continually occurring painful trouble. Her case had been pronounced hopeless by the doctors, and was so regarded by friends; still the lover hoped. He procured at the drug emporium of Messrs. Meyer Brothers & Co., St. Louis, two bottles of the Great German Remedy, about which so much is now being said and written. These he left with his sweetheart before departing for home where he went to spend the holidays. This was about two weeks ago. "If I should be cured, George," remarked the unhappy girl on bidding her lover farewell: "I'll send you a kiss and then I'll be yours forever." As may be imagined "George" returned to the city with a heart as heavy as the Columbia River's salmon shipments. However sanguine may have been his hopes, the reader will readily understand that the young man was not happy. In fact he, like his far away sweetheart was very unhappy. When, therefore, a telegraph messenger called at the Seventh Street residence early last Sunday morning (New Year's Day) with a dispatch from St. Louis, the feelings of our friend and fellow citizen can be much better imagined than described.

But alas! for the mystery Of unwritten history.

The telegram was from the rheumatic young lady, to be sure, but its meaning was a dark mystery. The message consisted of but three letters, namely: C. Y. K. In vain "George" tried to decipher their meaning. In vain did he tax his memory. As a last resort he visited the telegraph office, but there, too, no one seemed able to solve the mystery. The operator in charge suggested that a key to the cipher be requested of the sender of the dispatch. This was promptly done. At half-past six Sunday night, just as the first day of the new year was beginning to draw to a close, the answer came. It read as follows:

LINDELL HOTEL, ST. LOUIS, MO.,
January 1st, 1882.

To GEORGE —, No. — SEVENTH ST., PORTLAND, OREGON.— Here C. Y. K. means "Consider Yourself Kissed." Thanks to your thoughtful gift of St. Jacobs Oil I am entirely cured. Mamma says: "Take George and be happy." Come and we will set the day and drink to the health of St. Jacob.

JULIA.

To say that this message made "George" the happiest man in Oregon, is, as above stated, drawing it mild. As he dropped in at the Edmond late last night with a few personal friends, he certainly looked and felt as though he would not exchange his recently won prize or even that mysterious cipher dispatch for the entire North West. All appeared to feel "extra dry" and, although "Mumm" was the word, the reporter was enabled to "catch on," as it were, to that C. Y. K. telegram, which, by the way, probably conveyed the most valuable kiss that was ever transmitted over the wires of this or any other country.

"It is an honest fact."

An Irishman, who had hitched a mule in the neighborhood of a spot where some men were engaged in blasting, was cautioned by one of them to take the animal away.

"Niver moind me," replied Pat: "I'm content if yez are."

"Yes, but don't you know that the can by the post there contains dynamite?"

"Dynamite, is it? Well, then, if its got faylins yez had bether remove it where it won't be harrumed, for if that mewel gets the foorst kick I wouldn't give much for it."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WHEN Penn appeared to receive his charter, he came into the royal presence in his usual easy manner, with his hat on and his hands in his pockets. Charles at once removed his own hat.

"Keep on your hat, young man," said Penn: "keep on your hat, and people won't know you're bald."

"It is the custom of this place," the King replied: "for only one person to remain covered at a time."

"Then you ought to have more covers," said Penn: "It's a queer custom; but I don't lay my hat around loose in a strange house unless I get a check for it. I've traveled, I have."—*Burdett's Version.*

LOVERS always patronize the Mutual Union Telegraph.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

A lady from Oregon writes: "Dr. Benson: I think you should be presented with a chariot of pure gold for your Celery and Chamomile Pills having proved such a blessing to thousands of sufferers with sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, nervousness and dyspepsia."



FOR HOUSE CLEANING.—Saves Time, Labor and Money, Cleans Paint, Wood, Marble, &c., and will Polish Tin, Brass, Copper, Silver, Glass, China Ware, Oil Cloths, etc.



The Wilson Patent Adjustable Chair,

WITH THIRTY CHANGES OF POSITIONS. Parlor, Library, Invalid Chair, Child's Crib, Bed or Lounge, combining beauty, lightness, strength, simplicity and comfort. Everything to an exact science. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Goods shipped to any address, C. O. D. Send for Illustrated Circulars. Quote PUCK. Address the WILSON ADJUSTABLE CHAIR

MANUF'G CO., 661 Broadway, N. Y.

GOLD

RUBY'S ROYAL GILDING. USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE. Gilds Frames, Ornaments, Furniture, &c. Sold by all Paint Dealers and Druggists. The Cost is Trifling. Circular Free. N. Y. Chem'l Mfg. Co., 3 E. 4th St., N. Y.

OUR LATEST COMIC CARDS.



THE HENPECKED HUSBAND, COMIO SHAKESPEARE, TROUBLE IN DE CHURCH, THE CHINESE QUESTION, THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS, OUR TOY SOLDIERS, (all very funny). 10¢ By mail, 11 cents each. Send 45 cents (minimum) for the lot, and receive in addition, FREE, an exquisite gild-edged panel portrait of the great English beauty, Mrs. Langtry. SANNIS & LATHAM, Card Publishers, 79 Nassau Street, New York. Mrs. Langtry panels alone 25 cents.

PUCK ON WHEELS

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Largest Retail Clothing House in America.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES, 1882-3, FOR MEN, YOUTHS, BOYS AND CHILDREN. FASHION CATALOGUES AND MEASUREMENT BLANKS MAILED FREE.

Custom Tailoring by Leading Artists Under A. C. BELL.

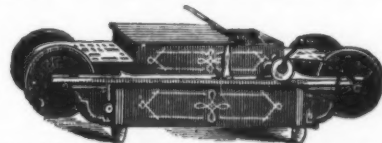
BRONNER & CO.,
610, 612, 614, 616, 618 Broadway,
THROUGH TO CROSBY ST., NEW YORK.

SOHMER

PIANOS.
PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.
Salesroom: 149-155 E. 14th Street, N. Y.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 27 stops, \$125. Pianos, \$207.50. Factory running day and night. Catalogue free. Address DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

THE ORGUINETTE



IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MUSIC-PRODUCING INSTRUMENT IN THE WORLD.

IT PLAYS EVERYTHING—SACRED, SECULAR AND POPULAR!

IT IS A MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, AND THE KING OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS!

Large Pipe Organs, Pianos and Reed Organs may all be seen operating mechanically as Orguettes, Musical Cabinets, and Cabinetos, at the most novel and interesting music warehouses in the world.

No. 831 Broadway,
Between 12th and 13th Sts. NEW YORK.
THE MECHANICAL ORGUINETTE CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Patentees. Send for Circular.



REMINGTON TYPE WRITER

Warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed. Type Writer Supplies. Send for circulars. Address E. REMINGTON & SONS, Manufacturers, or WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, Sole Agents, 281 and 283 Broadway, N. Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

Sold by ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION-1878.

Established 1838. PACHTMANN & MOELICH,

Importers, Manufacturers and Dealers in Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry, Solid Silver & Plated Ware, 363 CANAL STREET, Bet. S. 5th Ave. & Wooster St., New York.

Bargains in every department. Nickel Stem Winders, \$4. Solid Silver American Watches, \$10.—Stem Winders, \$14. Solid Gold Stem Winders, \$25. Diamond Studs, \$10 and upwards. Wedding Rings, \$11 and upwards. The largest assortment of Jewelry at lowest prices. Repairing of every description neatly executed. Goods sent C. O. D. to any part of the U. S. New Illustrated Price List.

COLUMBIA BICYCLES

Made of very best material by the most skilled workmen, expressly for road use.

COLUMBIAS

Are the favorite with riders, and their superiority in beauty, structure and finish is acknowledged by all. Send 3c. stamp for elegantly illustrated 36-page Catalogue, with price-lists and full information.

THE POPE MFG. CO.,
375 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

NEW YORK RIDING SCHOOL, 24th Street, near 3rd Ave.

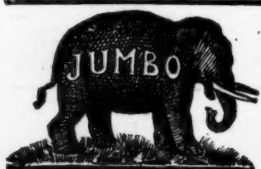
\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.



**TELL YOUR DRUGGIST
YOU WANT
FRED'K BROWN'S**

**PINCHED
GENUINE
GINGER**

**WHEN CRAMPED you have
no time to experiment. YOU
WANT RELIEF, if possible,
AT ONCE.**



Billiard and Pool Balls,
CHECKS,
MARTINGALE RINGS,
BRUSHES,
MIRRORS and COMBS,
AT THE
WELLING
COMP. IVORY MFG. CO.
251 Centre St.
Send for the Jumbo Catalogue.

DECKER'S



POOL and BILLIARD TABLES,
with Patent Corded Edge Cushions, warranted superior
to all others, and sold at low prices and on easy terms.
Good second-hand tables always on hand.
WAREHOUSES, 722 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SUTTER'S CLAIM.

Say! You feller!—you
With that spade and pick!—
What do you 'pose to do
On this side o' the crick?
"Goin' to tackle this claim?" Well, I reckon
You 'll let up agin purty quick!

No bluff, understand—
But the same has been tried,
And the claim never panned—
Or the fellers had lied—
For they tell of a dozen that 's tried it,
And quit it most onsatisfied.

The luck 's dead agin it!—
The first man I see
That stuck a pick in it
Proved that thing to me—
For he sort o' took down and got homesick,
And went back whar he 'd orto be!

Then others they worked it
Some—more or less—
But finally shirked it
In grades of distress:
With an eye out, a jaw or skull busted,
Or some sort o' seriousness.

The last one was plucky—
He wasn't afeered,
And bragged he was lucky,
And said that he 'd heerd
A heap of bluff talk, and swore awkward
He 'd work any claim that he keered.

Don't you strike nary lick
With that pick till I 'm through!—
This here feller talked quick
And as peart-like as you!
And he says: "I 'll abide here
As long as I please!"
But he didn't. He died here—
And I 'm his disease!

—J. W. Riley, in *Indianapolis Journal*.

Say of a woman that she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but
add that she is beautiful, and she will ever think kindly of you.
Give her Hop Bitters and she will be amiable and beautiful, be-
cause it will make her perfectly healthy.

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, No. 233 West-
ern Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet relative
to the curative properties of her Vegetable Com-
pound.

The Washington Life Ins. Co.

The only Company that keeps Policies in force by Dividends.
H. F. FOGGENBURG, General Agent,
163 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS.

ALL THE POPULAR STYLES.



"JUST OUT."
BOOK OF INSTRUCTION
IN THE USE OF
INDIAN CLUBS,
DUMB-BELLS,
And other exercises. Also in the Games of
QUOITS, ARCHERY, ETC.

Fully illustrated, bound in cloth. Price 25
Cents. SENT TO ANY PART OF THE U. S.
ON THE RECEIPT OF 30c POSTAGE STAMPS
M. BORNSTEIN, Publisher,
18 Ann St. New York.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dol-
lars for a retail box, by express, of
the best Candies in the World, put up
in handsome boxes. All strictly pure.
Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**
78 Madison St., Chicago.

Shaving Made Easy!

"VROOM & FOWLEE'S" SHAVING SOAP
gives a quick, soft, lasting lather. Sent by mail on receipt of
twenty cents. **O. H. Rutherford,**
26 Liberty St., N. Y.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

The notice of Builders, Architects and Plumbers is directed to my

PATENT "ALL EARTHENWARE" CLOSET,

Which is specially adapted for use in Hotels and Apartment
Houses. This is the Cheapest and most Reliable Closet in the
market. 50,000 of my Closets in use in Europe and over 20,000
in the United States. Send for Catalogue.

JENNINGS'S SANITARY DEPOT,
7 BURLING SLIP,
NEW YORK.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO. CARPETS.

Have now open their Fall Importation of Foreign Carpets,
forming a collection of rare novelties unequalled
in designs, colorings, etc., etc., viz.:

Axminster,
Wilton and
Brussels.

ALSO,
A choice assortment of American Carpets, Oilcloths,
Rugs, Mats, etc., etc.

BROADWAY and 19th St.,
NEW YORK.



GEO. B. CLUETT BROS. & CO.
CROWN MAKE
COLLARS & CUFFS
SOLD BY
LEADING DEALERS

KEEP'S SHIRTS.

KEEP'S SHIRTS,
COLLARS, CUFFS, UNDERWEAR, GLOVES, NECK-
WEAR, HOSIERY, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.

Descriptive Circulars, containing samples and directions for
self-measurements, mailed free.
Address all letters to headquarters of

KEEP MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
631, 633, 635, 637 Broadway, New York.

NICOLL The Tailor,

ALL NOVELTIES IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS,
FOR FALL OVERCOATINGS, SUITINGS, TROUSERSINGS, NOW READY.

620 BROADWAY,
And Nos. 139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

Samples, with instructions for SELF-MEASUREMENT, with Fash-
ion Book, sent free by mail everywhere. Branch stores in all prin-
cipal cities.

PETRIE'S FACE POWDER.

In three shades: White, Pink and Flesh. Sold by all druggists,
25 cents per large box. It has a most refreshing and beneficial
effect on the skin, imparting to the same a peculiar softness and
clearness, and while imperceptible after it is applied, its lasting
properties will be found unequalled by any other. Endorsed by the
theatrical profession. Sent free on receipt of price. Postage
stamps taken. **JOHN PETRIE, Jr., Proprietor,**
110 Reade Street, New York.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5, free
Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

No. 194 FIFTH AVENUE,
Under Fifth Ave. Hotel.
No. 212 BROADWAY,
Corner Fulton Street.

STYLES ARE CORRECT!!

Agents for the sale of these remarkable **HATS** can be found in every city in the U. S.

All Hats manufactured by this house are the recognized standard of excellence throughout the world. None genuine without the trademark.

KNOX, THE HATTER'S WORLD RENOWNED

ENGLISH HATS,
"Martin's" Umbrellas.
"DENTS" GLOVES.
Foreign Novelties.
QUALITY — THE BEST!!

Illustrated Catalogue, Photograph and Lecture, 10c. **AUTOMATIC CABINET. Play any Tune.**
MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS
Magic Lanterns and Slides WANTED.
HARBACH ORGANINA CO., 309 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.



**ANGOSTURA
BITTERS.**

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
An excellent appetizing tonic of
exquisite flavor, now used over
the whole world, cures Dyspep-
sia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague,
and all disorders of the Digestive
Organs. A few drops impart a
delicious flavor to a glass of cham-
pagne, and to all summer drinks.
Try it, but beware of counterfeits.
Ask your grocer or druggist for
the genuine article, manufactured
by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT &
SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN,
(SUCCESSOR TO J. W. HANCOX.)
Sole Agent for the United States.

51 Broadway, NEW YORK.

FRANZ JOSEF BITTERWATER

The most reliable Aperient. Sure cure for Gout, Rheumatism,
Liver and Kidney Diseases. Recommended by the highest medi-
cal authorities. Beware of imitations.

ALB. REUTER, 37 Beaver St., N. Y., Sole Agent.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES.

FROM COL. D. McDANIEL,
OWNER OF SOME OF THE
FASTEST RUNNING HORSES IN THE WORLD.

JEROME PARK, June 21.—This is to certify that I have used
DR. TOBIAS'S VENETIAN HORSE LINIMENT and DERBY
CONDITION POWDERS on my RACE HORSES and found
them to give perfect satisfaction. In fact, they HAVE NEVER
FAILED TO CURE any ailment for which they were used. The
LINIMENT, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes
the hair off. IT HAS MORE PENETRATIVE QUALITIES
THAN ANY OTHER I HAVE TRIED, which I suppose, is
the great secret of its success in curing sprains. The ingredients
from which the DERBY POWDERS are made have been made
known to me by Dr. Tobias. They are PERFECTLY HARM-
LESS.

D. McDANIEL.

Sold by Druggists and Saddlers.
DEPOT, 48 MURRAY STREET.



IMPERIAL GERMAN MAIL

North German Lloyd

STEAMSHIP LINE between

New York, Southampton & Bremen
Sailing every Saturday.

Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken
ELBE, Wednesday, Sept. 13th. | DONAU, Saturday, Sept. 23rd.
ODER, Saturday, Sept. 16th. | WERRA, Wednesday, Sept. 27th.

Rates of passage from NEW YORK TO SOUTHAMPTON,
HAMBURG or BREMEN:
First Cabin, \$100; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$30.
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$24
OELRICHS & CO., General Agents, No. 2 Bowling Green.

CARDS Send two 3-ct. stamps to C. TOLLNER, Jr.,
BROOKLYN, N. Y., for a new set elegant
Chromo Cards and Catalogue of Latest
Designs for Fall and Winter.

TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or
three hours. For particulars address with stamp to
H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

THE St. Louis Schwabenunterstützungsverein
held a picnic a few days ago. Unfortunately
some person carelessly left the name of the as-
sociation lying around on the picnic grounds,
and several visitors tripped over it and injured
themselves severely. It should have been coiled
up like the Atlantic cable before it is paid out
and hung up on a tree.—*Norristown Herald.*

NEVER growl because a newspaper fails to
give every scrap of news, so long as you take
no pains to give the editor information. The
average country editor isn't a medium or a
mind reader, but gets his news just the same as
the milkman gets his milk—by pumping.—
Turners Falls Register.

COUP, the circus man, says his three-tailed
Japanese carp cost him \$2,200 in gold. Many
gentlemen who have been out all day fishing,
without a bite, will readily believe this statement.
They are well aware that fish cost something
to buy.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE United States Army has become sadly
depleted, thirty of the members having deserted
"in all directions." If thirty more should get
away, the Army will have to adjourn for want
of a quorum.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

THE British Rifle Team may be superior to
the American militiamen, but this country will
bet that when it comes to genuine rifling a team
of American politicians can beat the world.—
Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

"ROUGH ON RATS."

The thing desired found at last. Ask druggists
for **Rough on Rats**. It clears out rats, mice,
roaches, flies, bed-bugs. 15c. boxes.

But few articles have reached such a world-wide reputation as
Angostura Bitters. For over 50 years they have been the
acknowledged standard regulators of the digestive organs. Their
success has incited imitations. Be sure you get the genuine article,
manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

German Corn Remover—cleanly to use, easily applied, perfectly
harmless, but cures every time. 25 cents.

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Illustrated Book.
(new) Sent Free.
L. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

100 Popular Songs, Words and Music, all different.
15c. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay St., N. Y.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly
Outfit free. Address TRU & Co., Augusta, Maine.

PATENT COVERS

FOR

FILING PUCK.

They are simple, strong and easily used.
Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are
punched through them.

Will always lie open, even when full. Allow
any paper on file to be taken off without dis-
turbance the rest.

Will be mailed to any part of the United
States and Canada upon receipt of \$1.25.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,

21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.

PUCK ON WHEELS

DECKER BROTHERS'

MATCHLESS PIANOS,
33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

**Stylish fabrics for Fall
wear which meet with
much favor are Brocade
Dress Goods with plain
tissues to match.**

MESSRS.

JAMES MCCREERY & CO
show an extensive line of
these goods in combina-
tions of irreproachable
taste.

Cashmeres are a special
feature of their Dress
Goods Department this
season. The assortments
embrace a range of over
one hundred shades.

**BROADWAY, Cor. 11th St.,
NEW YORK.**

THE BEST THE QUEBER WATCH CASE

AMERICAN

Star Soft Capsules.



CHEAPEST, QUICKEST, SUREST, BEST
AND MOST RELIABLE SOFT CAPSULES.

GENUINE ONLY IN

Metallic Boxes, Star Stamped on Cover, with
Blue Wrapper with Star Monogram.

VICTOR E. MAUGER, General Agent.
Factory: 110 Reade St., New York.

WITH

FIVE DOLLARS

YOU CAN BUY A WHOLE

Ducal Brunswick Government Bond

Which bonds are issued and secured by the Government, and are
redeemed in drawings

FOUR TIMES ANNUALLY.

Until each and every bond is drawn, with a larger or smaller Pre-
mium. Every bond must draw a Prize, as there are NO BLANKS.
The three highest prizes amount to

150,000 Reichsmark Gold, 90,000 Reichsmark Gold,
60,000 Reichsmark Gold,

And bonds not drawing one of the above prizes must draw a
Premium of not less than

60 Mark Gold.

The next drawing takes place on the
1st of NOVEMBER, 1892.

And every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of November is
entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that
date. Out-of-town orders, sent in registered letters and enclosing
\$5, will secure one of these bonds for the next drawing.

For orders, circulars, or any other information, address

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,

No. 150 Broadway, N. Y. City.

N. B.—The Bonds we offer for sale must not be classed or con-
founded with Lottery Tickets, as the sale of these Bonds does not
in any way conflict with the laws of the United States, as lately
decided by the U. S. Courts.

In writing to us, please state you saw this in the English
PUCK.



OFFICE OF PUCK, 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

MAYER MERKEL & COTTAGE, LITH. 23-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

A VERY DULL RACE-MEETING.—NO PUBLIC INTEREST IN THE CONTEST.